



Zig Zag is a magazine devoted to total freedom of speech & expression. It's free of charge and we don't make a dime. The purpose is for your art to be seen and voice to be heard. So get on it...

It's your zine so roll one up and put it in your pocket.

ZIG ZAG

ISSUE 3



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Danelle McDonough (20–21)

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Clay Barclay (23–24)

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Submit your page in black and white
preferably 400 dpi.

Artists are Smart People

WRITTEN BY: Matt Coombs

I usually take this space to complain about some sociological problem facing our world. I like to think that if I write it, maybe one or two people like me will understand where I'm coming from. But in all the shuffle of life and the ability for everyone to rant on their own soapbox, great ideas are put aside and no one steps back to consolidate the ideas of the past. A great example of someone who was able to step back and address the current paradigm created from all the advancement of the previous decades was Erwin Schrodinger. A physicist, Schrodinger continued the legacy of great scientists of history by progressing our physical understanding of the world, as well as writing in a manner of philosophy and humble hindsight. Publications such as "What is Life?" in 1944 touch on all of the advancements made during Schrodinger's lifetime, from mathematics and physics to biology. He humbly tries to connect different areas of science, and acknowledges that specialization can be hindering to advancement. In the preface of "What is Life" he states his mission:

"I can see no other escape from this dilemma (lest our true aim be lost forever) than that some of us should venture to embark on a synthesis of facts and theories, albeit with second-hand and incomplete knowledge of some of them - and at the risk of making fools of ourselves."

When Salvador Dali held a conference of some of the greatest minds in science and mathematics at his museum, two brilliant men had unleashed their stern disagreement of each others beliefs. Dali later met with the men (Rene Thom and Ilya Prigogine) and told them to reconcile "in Schrodinger's name." The gesture spoke to the truest nature of artists, the love of ambiguity and the urge to unify the world.



freEDom of sPeEcH iS nOT dEad Yet

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ZIG ZAG IS BACK...



That's right Ringlings' underground zine is starting up their second year. If you need a platform to stand on and scream to the masses look no further. Believe it or not, like it or hate it, the Ringling College of Art and Design is one of the most revered schools of art and design in the US. Which automatically gives any publication from this school credibility. Say something! This world needs changing, and while it may seem futile YOU CAN STILL RAISE AWARENESS ABOUT ISSUES IN THE WORLD ON CAMPUS. Plus showing off your artwork never gets boring. So... **Submit your work to ZIGZAGCREW@GMAIL.COM**





It's a very funny thing, being drunk.

When you need to do something...you can. It all becomes clear. But only for that moment. **I am currently intoxicated.**

"You know, when I look into the eyes of other people, I can see their thoughts and feelings. Everything. But I can't see them in you."

I later think, "Because there is nothing behind them."

I look at her, and I see this vague impression of her. Then it resolves to clarity.

"I want to make you a deal.", I say.

"If it's more naked pictures, no."

I laugh, sort of.

"Nothing like that. I'm going to turn this off...", I hold up my phone and show that I'm turning the recording feature off, "and I want you to give me a hug. Not the kind you normally give people...that hesitant sort of hug, but a real one. From one person to another...two people who understand the other."

and do we, really? that's what I wanted to know.

Her gaze changes, slightly. Her eyes are not impossible, but suddenly, slightly...

"Okay," she smiles.

BONES BREAK

WRITTEN BY: Clay Barclay

"Then get over here," a gruff voice overtakes my mood, and she's there.

I held her there, so perfectly, with no sense of reassurance or affirmation...just an unyielding sense of an eternal, surreal perfection. My arms and hands are where they should be. She is where she should be. A brief bond illustrates to the both of us...*we are not alone in this world. Neither of us is truly unique.*

this is truly the scariest thing; to believe oneself is alone in bearing their pains.

I let her go.

"Goodnight," she smiles, our eyes closed.

as I later learned, "...because otherwise we probably would have fucked."

And then she's gone.

well, duh.

"I believe i have had a spiritual experience.
If not god, then one of his angels!"

- N.O. Moriar

I'm not the only one
Whose felt like they're
In the wrong place,
I turn my headlights off
To test if I know the streets.

Watching the window
Discomposed by the snow,
On my way through
Southern states.

Making cedars fall,
I wake up in a ditch,
As my blood cakes
Through the plush dolls
Bathing in the new morning light.

Moving my lips,
Trying to make sound-sense

Out of the bubbly gushing mess.
Let the ambulance take its time,
I wouldn't be here if I cared about death.

Helicopters lifts me
From the Earthquake scene
Of the Universal backlot,
I feel as if I'm receiving
A phone call from the girl
Who told me last night
She had no love for me,
As she let me pull down
Her dress.

GRINNING SKULL

WRITTEN BY: Clay Barclay

I'm inhuman
I can say this
With my face in my
Pillow of conviction.

I belong to Earth
Born without the touch
Of humanity machinery,
With no direction of what's
Left or right.

I have a sense
Kept to myself
That boils pass me
With strength at night.

I pull my lips down
To the mirror,
Witness of a mouthful
Of inflamed gums
And displaced teeth.

All around the night I exist
Greeting skeletons
With my hallucinated grin
As they dance through the wind.

but who is "I"? the nature of self-identity is not so absolute. "I" could be any facet of my disorientant self, given to claims about my greater whole. "I" rarely seems to represent my self's best interests. "I" is probably lying.



shouldn't this be a question mark?

I love you.



science can't even tell us what love is, but "I" is supposed to be the authority on this?



who are you? has "I" ever really met you? when the certainty of "I" is in doubt, how are we supposed to know who you are? I know less about you than I know about the stars, and at least the stars have always been there.

- N. O. Moriar

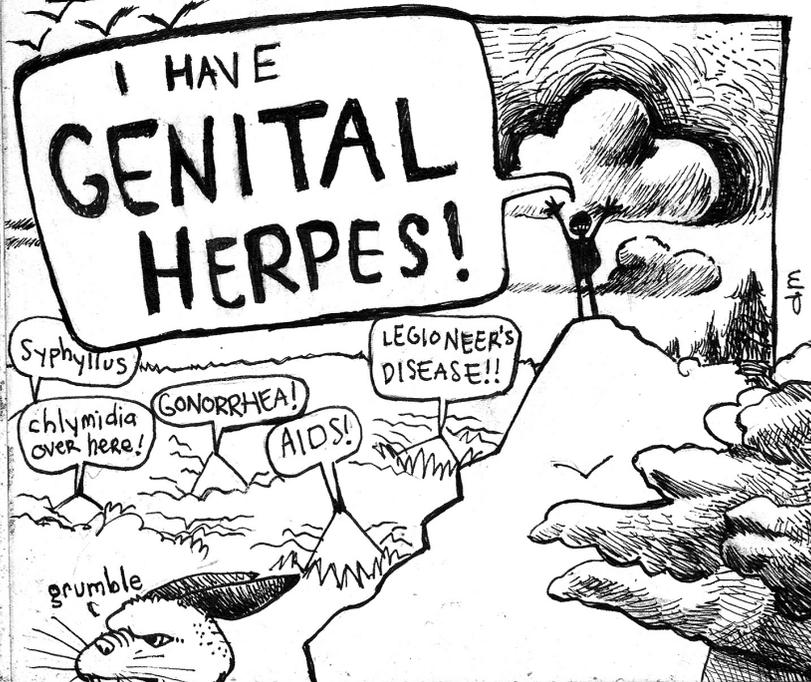
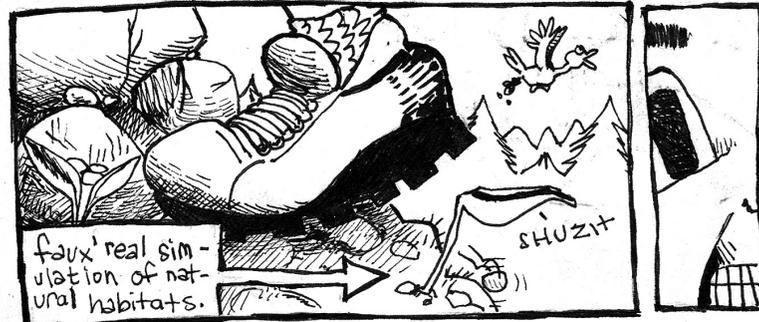
Amorphous Clavier

WRITTEN BY: Brett Bonnet

An abstract piano plinks forbiddingly. With anxiety. Dissonant chords rippling through its glass body. The transparent keys are malleable, melting as so much soft plastic. The clavier is amorphous, with a brooding temperament. Leaden pedals sustain its fatal fugue, rising to transcendent heights with naïve abandon. Only to fall as the musician's finger gnarl and freeze with age and rust. An abstract piano plinks longingly before a seat of withered flesh and bones. Awaiting another bard. Here we sit, unaware of what we sit upon.

Crashing waves assault the shore at a constant tempo. Expanding, grasping at sands, shells, and trash, retreating with its catch. A tattered man of rags sleeps with syncopated breaths nearby. His belongings are nothing more than a rucksack and an aging bicycle he had disassembled to carry along. The crunch of dress shoes on mounds of shells wakes him instantly. A suited man of gray complexion is advancing on him urgently. A pistol is outstretched, gleaming occasionally in the sun, bouncing with the robotic gate of the man. A privatized police force no doubt, blanketed in federal authority. An automaton bred with authoritarian pedigree, with little to no shreds of sentience. Drunk with sleep, the ragman rises to a sitting position, shielding his eyes from the sun.





"I have a permit to be here sir, you can contact the city if you'd like to verify it, but I doubt anyone is awake at this hour to do so" The laminated document is pulled from his rucksack, covered in incomprehensible jargon and holographic stamps of government approval. It is a blatant forgery but adequate enough to buy him enough time to slink away.

While the database of permits can be accessed instantly, the bureaucratic dichotomy of such a breadth of information requires a few minutes to process. After scanning the barcode the permit is thrown to the ground as the suited gray turns and leaves.

"Get the fuck out of here"

In seconds his bicycle is assembled and the ragman ascends to street level, it would be a few minutes before his forgery was discovered.

The titanium facades of the warehouse reflect the noon sun blindingly as Ed approaches the security checkpoint. Double doors open to what appears to be an endless hallway adorned with detectors at every step. The autonomic guard greets him at the first sensor, instructing him mechanically to strip down.

"Don't look so glum Edward, corporate thinks you are vital to our growing business, and you didn't hear this from me, but you just might be up for a promotion" A tinny cackle emanates from the robots face. Just like it did the day before, and every day prior for the last 6 years after it spews its pre-programmed diatribe. Naked and sullen Ed walks through the quarter mile of detectors, periodically sprayed with god knows what kind of 'antiseptics' and disinfectants. At the end of the tunnel a metallic arm protrudes from the wall to inject him with what are purported as antibiotics and vaccinations. "Its radiation" he thought to himself, as he had always thought, or knew rather. Every day he grew more ill from the bilious liquid, but when solicited for help, the company's health provider would simply up his dose. For his illness was thought to be an affliction of the outside world. "It's mostly psychological son. An affront against your company loyalty from the noxious philosophies out there. How could you possibly think the very people that pay your salary, produce your food, and give you a place to live would be doing you harm. They're keeping you alive for fuck sake, and we owe everything to them. Those godless nihilists out there would kill us all if we didn't employ Guard-corp to kill them first.

After passing through security a pneumatic shoot presents the appropriate work garb for his assignment. Beige jumpsuit. He would be on the assembly line, once again.

His eyes twitch...

WRITTEN BY: Brett Bonnet

Slumped, smoking feverish through his last cigarette Dan Ergot sat alone on a park bench. Matted hair clinging to his modified bifocals. Through the lenses he could see the status of his vital signs, his incoming messages, and the news headlines for the last few hours. The growing itch radiating outward from his metacarpus into his arm was triggering an elevated heart rate, and thus notable anxiety. Confident in his abilities as a psychotic-self deprecating amateur surgeon, he rationalized that the prosthetic phillange he installed would take and serve as a gyroscopic peripheral for his internal operating system. Just to be sure, he insufflated 5 mg of clonazepam and decided to lie down on the now malleable bench and run over the penultimate transformation diagram displayed on his lenses. The perpetual cyborg. The immortal transhuman idealized by the whole of the scientific community was now within his grasp. Fear, being the diencephalic malfunction holding humanity in its organic shackles, and he was outside of it. The cold-metallic dissidence Dan experienced among his peers would catapult him beyond his biomedical contemporaries. In a separate sphere he would reside, an apathetic realm of static reality impenetrable to the tendrils of time and decay. Returning from the pharmacological well with a benign world at his disposal Ergotz left the park headed for the café on 4th st. Sunset approaching, Dan draped in his usual black trenchcoat seated at his usual desolate table, the





crowded streets emptied. A retreat he thought, causally linked to their innermost rodent, fleeing for their burrows.

At 7:00 Am Dan was jolted into action by his internal alarm. Gasping for breath as he had been doing more frequently as of late, feeling as if he was reanimated from death. Visual aggregates from his dreams clouded his mind as the tab began to take shape around his pathetic cot. Sweat drenched and nauseous Dan pulled himself vertical, relying on the mechanical bravado of his new pressure driven arms. The lab had become a home of sorts, or more accurately a world of sorts since Dan saw less and less need to venture outside.

"Once the coils for my legs come in I'll be pummeling the humanoids at their organic rat race once again" He mused. He had taken to disassociating himself with labels like "human" or "homosapien". Android was much more preferable and exuded a sense of superiority which he thrived on. Luckily the grant money he was awarded had finally arrived and he could begin working on diagrams and schematics for his idealized carbon-driven homeostatic organs. A leap of technology he had already made in his fantasies, but not in reality. However, the frantic, overly technical specialized nonsense he spewed in his latest paper and at the most recent Trans-humanist association conference had warranted him the funding. More so because of his perceived confidence in his own intellect than its feasibility. Minor tribulations he thought. Miniscule obstacles on the road to eternity. No different the trials of inane religious pilgrimage, only his fortune was palpable, while the so called pious were simply delusional. An evolutionary necessity really, to delude oneself. They've only their ignorance to blame. Or "god" if they'd rather. Dan had emailed one of his old professors the week before in the wake of his grant approval. He invited him to his lab for a chance to gloat. Dr. Nuhertz had been a sort of mentor to Dan over the years, and arguably the only human he had any sufficient connection with. It wasn't until Dan read Nuhertz' article on the 'wavering state of humanity in the face of technological growth' that Dan grew to loathe him. That spark of empathy in the old mans eye mocked him with its droves of interpersonal triumphs, friends, lovers, family, and admirers. He was simply another human, arbitrary to the passage of time.

Dr. Nuhertz arrived at noon in jovial spirits and dress. He was cloaked in white and adorned an epic beard and an immaculate bald head. Upon entering Dans lab he was met with an assault of

pungent body odors. The kind that require an impressive amount of neglect to congeal. There atop a rusted cot frame sat his former student, a prodigy or sorts, utterly stupefied in a trance.

Mouthing maniacal words to himself and succumbing to the curvature of his ragged bed. Startled by his entrance, and the subsequent light, Dan stood erect in feigned enthusiasm.

“Ah, Nuhertz, so glad you could make it, I thought you might be busy sorting out your will.”

“Never too busy for my favorite student....are you alright Dan? You’re so pale.”

“You’re one to talk sir. I’ve read your latest scribbling Doctor and I must say, your mental faculties are all but translucent.”

“I was afraid of this meeting Dan, to be honest, I’ve been dreading it since the day we first spoke. You’re disdain for the biosphere is unfounded and childish. All things must and will pass into oblivion son, and science can’t and should not be able to change that”

Dan was distant and preoccupied by his thoughts. He spoke from small far-off world, animating the marionette he was imprisoned within

“Then you’ve resigned to your mortality. And it’s sad really that a mind like yours will amount to no more than worm food in the eyes of history. But I’ve thought about it for a long time now and I’ve decided, you deserve it. If your lives goal is to be reappropriated as fertilizer, then I think you’re just the man for the job. Perhaps I’ll write your obituary even.” Bag of meat slips and falls in the shower. Its guttural snorts were not heard in time and all his vital gravies leaked out before the meat surgeons could sew him up. His diatribes will be remembered as little more than the flesh they came from.”

Dan was visibly trembling and nearly foaming from the mouth. His sunken eyes ignited with malice, illuminating his green complexion. He continued

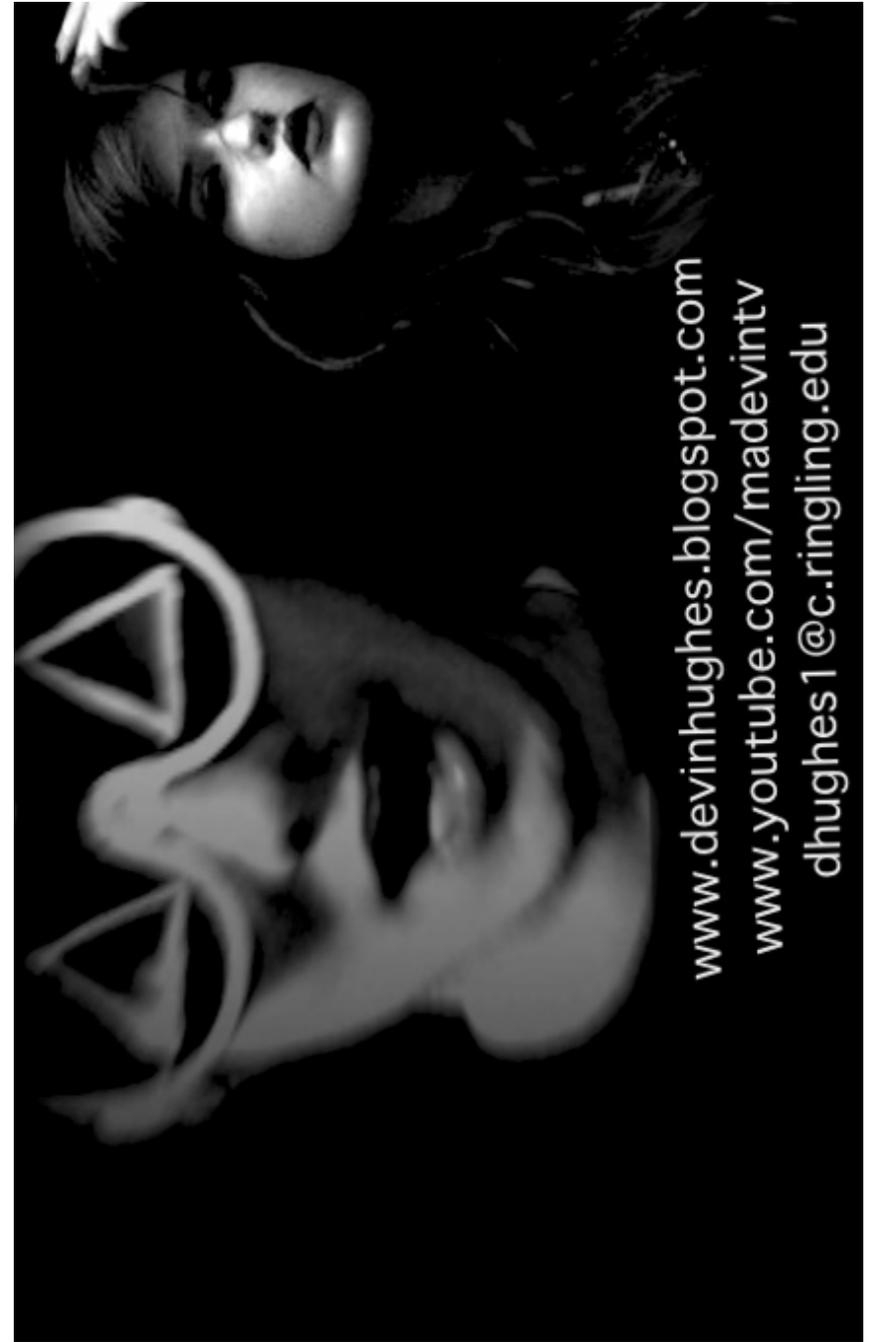
“If you only had the strength old man, maybe you could join me.”

Nuhertz shook his head with solemn indignation, his spirits drained of his body. A small contentious grin dawned him as he stared at his former student, now a skeleton confined to his lab, wriggling like that of a geriatric, spewing bilious insults in the throws of fatal illness.

“Well....You certainly look strong”

Professor Nuhertz turned and exited, leaving the door ajar.

9 Pulsating lights from distant beacons strobe red in the tunnel. Binary graphics stream along its-



www.devinhughes.blogspot.com

www.youtube.com/madevintv

dhughes1@c.ringling.edu



inner walls towards Dan, though he's no longer discernible from the information. The tunnel is sentient, an amorphous vessel of puzzling complexity. Interlocking packets of conscious minds mold together at unanimous points of agreement and compound into technological actions, reaching their collective cybernetic finger out to the bosom of space. Pawing at her nebulous fortunes, hoping to bind with extra-solar computations. Afloat in silence.

The lights flicker more urgently until they obscure the stars outside. Shrieks resound in the tunnel in tandem with the fluorescents until they are the only focus. In desperation, Dan's lungs thrust pleading vacuous hands into the air. In submission Dan allows them the sustenance and comes to with mouth agape, gasping as always. Unconscious on the operating table again, Dan thought, and cringed. This time halfway through a risky liver transplant. The pangs of incomparable pain begin, and rapidly increase. A sensitive man, with hardly the threshold for agony he should have to be continuing such a transformation, Dan clicks rapidly the morphine drip release. A now permanent fixture in his life. In the seconds of sober clarity pre-opiate-bliss Dan reels in horror at the state of his surrounding. The operating station resembles a blood thirsty titanium spider, laying eggs in this emaciated corpse of a man long since dead. And in an instant, the anxiety ceases and poppy-dreams fill his head with calm. He continues the operation in a numb fashion, as if he were viewing the organs of a cadaver through his lens display. The mechanical arms sew him shut with blind speed. Equally oblivious to the organism in their possession.

In his peripheral view a calendar applications bounces, indicative of a deadline. April 1st. It was his projected date of completion. He had rendered all of the new internal organs, a feat of genius, for they appeared to be binding perfectly, comfortable in their new prosthetic environment. He hadn't had the strength over the last several years to even document his progress, though it surely would warrant him worldwide acclaim as a humanitarian without equal. He had however contacted his intellectual adversary, Dr. Nuhertz, whom was in the process of lambasting the rhetoric of Dan and his likeminded Tran humanists at every turn. Dan absentmindedly invited him to see the result of all of his work. The end of mortality, and the beginning of eternity. Unfortunately, Dan had lost track of time, and was finding himself sedentary on the operating table under a torrent of surgeries for weeks on end. Dan's fervor was unrelenting and he made the haphazard decision to undergo the final procedure, that being the replacement of his own heart.

If Dan were sane, or fully conscious he would have seen the tunneling progression of his own infections and the precarious battle with death he was losing. Luckily psychosis had obfuscated such reasoning and had inverted his goals. The delirious visions in his comatose moments had taken precedent over organic reality. He believed with the synthesis of his internal operating system, he had tapped into an existing network of cybernetic beings. He had already reached singularity. He simply need to complete this last transplant and he would ascend.

Solemn preparations were made for the final procedure. Having just undergone major surgery, Dan was committing to a fatal endeavor. Yet in the grandiose world of mind, it was more of a crumbling stone step at the highest rungs of ascension, where the air is cool, dry, and immemorial. Antiseptic processes were initiated, the iron appendages lathering Dan's sunken chest. Then drawing on the incision blueprints as Dan leaves the dissection table once again, into his thoughts. With eyes and mouth agape, the first blade of transmigration enters along its fixed path. His eyes glaze. The arachnids pull open the wound and bore their way inside.

Nuhertz sits drawing long and methodically upon a cigarette, smoke pointing demonically at the email illuminated on his computer screen. It was time to visit his old prodigy once again, and hopefully attempt to talk some sense into his riveted mind. Though he was not very optimistic. He drove in silence the few miles to the Dan's lab, without haste. Walking the hallway, a palpable malaise permeated the air, stabbing him with pangs of anxiety. Three times he knocked at the door to the lab, to no avail. Machinations could be heard, muffled multitudes of motors. And sawing. Relentless sawing through what sounded like bones. He flung the door open to a cavern of horrors. A ravenous robotic beast was straddling Dan's chest gnawing through his sternum, dangling a crude model of a human heart over the bloody abyss. It thrust the abomination down into the ribcage and connected the necessary arteries with spider web movements. Nuhertz stared at the body that lie atop the table, feeling helpless. A hiccup registers on the screen monitoring Dan's vital signs. Perhaps he was actually alive the professor thought, though he knew it were impossible. Dan's neck wrenched spasmodically, his eyes twitched in perfect unmoving, and opened to reveal a portal. Exponential cybernetic worlds tunneling into themselves, endlessly deeper into his eyes. No man could be found into the flourescent fireworks. Psychic circuitry coiling and coiling in on itself. A final flash lit up the room with magnificent binary mosaics. Dan's shivering corpse heaved onto the table, and ceased.

